Eng. Poetry vol. 3 No 2

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF THE K Horatius Flaccus (2)

SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE,

Imitated in a DIALOGUE between

ALEXANDER POPE of *Twickenham* in *Com. Midd.* Esq; on the one Part, and his LEARNED COUNCIL on the other.

Scilicet Uni Æquus Virtuti, atq; ejus Amicis. HORAT.

LONDON:

Printed by *L. G.* and sold by A. DODD, near *Temple-Bar*; E. NUTT, at the *Royal Exchange*; and by the Bookfellers of *London* and *Westminster*. M.DCC.XXXIII.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

SERMONUM

LIBRI SECUNDI

SATIRA PRIMA.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

SERMONUM

LIBER SECUNDUS.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HOR. [1]*SUNT quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra*
Legem tendere opus ; [2]sine nervis altera quicquid
Compoſui pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci *poſſe.* [3]*Trebati!*
Quid faciam? Præſcribe.

TREB.

THE

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SECOND BOOK

OF

HORACE.

P. THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
[1]There are to whom my Satire ſeems too bold,
Scarce to wiſe *Peter* complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of *Chartres* much too rough.
[2]The Lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord *Fanny* ſpins a thouſand ſuch a Day.
Tim'rous by Nature, of the Rich in awe,
[3]I come to Council learned in the Law.
You'll give me, like a Friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.

TREB. [4] *Quieſcas.*

HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,*
Omnino verſus?

TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male ſi non*
Optimum erat: [5] verum nequeo dormire.

TREB. [6] *Ter uncti*
Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto,
Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.

[7] *Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude*
CÆSARIS *invicti res dicere,* [8] *multa laborum*
Præmia *laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*
Deficiunt: [9] neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, *nec* fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo *deſcribat vulnera Parthi.*

TREB. [10] *Attamen & juſtum poteras & ſcribere fortem,*
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.

HOR.

L. [4]I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I *think*,
[5]And for my Soul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in Company, I wake at Night,
Fools ruſh into my Head, and ſo I write.

L. You could not do a worſe thing for your Life.
Why, if the Nights ſeem tedious — take a Wife;
[6]Or rather truly, if your Point be Reſt,
Lettuce and Cowſlip Wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with *Celſus*, *Celſus* may adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your Eyes.
[7]Or if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe:
[8]You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir [9]*Richard*, rumbling, rough and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the Verſe?
Or nobly wild, with *Budgell*'s Fire and Force,
Paint Angels trembling round his *falling Horſe*?

L. [10]Then all your Muſe's ſofter Art diſplay,
Let *Carolina* ſmooth the tuneful Lay,
Lull with *Amelia*'s liquid Name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P.

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,*

Cum res ipſa feret. [11] *Niſi* dextro tempore *Flacci*

Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæſaris *aurem*;

Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

TREB. [12] *Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu*

Pantolabum Scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

[13] *Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt intactus, & odit.*

HOR. [14] *Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto*

Acceſſit fervor capiti numeruſque lucernis.

[15] *Caſtor gaudet equis*; ovo prognatus eodem

Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum

Millia: [16] *me pedibus delectat claudere verba,*

Lucili ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.

Ille, velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim

Cre-

P. [11]Alas! few Verſes touch their nicer Ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a Year:
And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's Lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

L. [12] Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all *Taſte*, blaſpheme *Quadrille*,
Abuſe the City's beſt good Men in Metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their Truſt in *Peter*.
[13] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.

P. What ſhould ail 'em?

L. A hundred ſmart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
B--nd is but one, but *Harpax* is a Score.

P. [14] Each Mortal has his Pleaſure: None deny
Sc—le his Bottle, *D—ty* his Ham-Pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as well as ſhe;
[15] — loves the *Senate*, *Hockley-Hole* his Brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
[19] I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright *Shippen*, or as old *Montagne*.

Credebat libris; neque ſi male geſſerat, uſquam

Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella

Vita ſenis. Sequor hunc, [17] *Lucanus an Appulus anceps:*

[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,

Miſſus ad hoc pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;

Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis,

[17] *Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania Bellum*

Incuteret violenta.]

[18] *Sed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro*

Quenquam animantem; & me veluti cuſtodiet enſis

Vagina tectus, quem cur diſtringere coner,

[19] *Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus?* [20] *O Pater & Rex*

Jupiter! ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,

Nec

In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a Thought within;
In me what Spots (for Spots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial Glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my Foes, my Friends;
Publiſh the preſent Age, but where my Text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My Foes ſhall wiſh my Life a longer date,
And ev'ry Friend the leſs lament my Fate.

My Head and Heart thus flowing thro' my Quill,
[17] Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good *Eraſmus* in an honeſt Mean,
In Moderation placing all my Glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

[18] Satire's my Weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a Muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[19] I only wear it in a Land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
[20] Save but our *Army!* and let *Jove* incruſt
Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlaſting Ruſt!

[21] Peace

Nec quiſquam noceat [21] *cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,*

Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)

[22] *Flebit, & inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.*

[23] *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam ;*

Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, Venenum ;

Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes ;

[24] *Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectus terreat, utque*

Imperet hoc natura potens ; ſic collige mecum.

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit ; unde niſi intus

Monſtratum ? [25] *Scævæ vivacem credi nepoti*

Matrem : nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum

Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

Ne longum faciam ; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus

Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis ;

Dives,

Peace is my dear Delight—— not *Fleury*'s more :
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Who-e'er offends, at ſome unlucky Time
[22] Slides into Verſe, and hitches in a Rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule! his whole Life long,
And the ſad Burthen of ſome merry Song.
[23] Slander or Poyſon, dread from *Delia*'s Rage,
Hard Words or Hanging, if your J---ge be —
From furious *Sappho* yet a ſadder Fate,
P---x'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate:
[24] Its proper Pow'r to hurt, each Creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels,
'Tis a Bear's Talent not to kick, but hug,
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug:
[25] So drink with *W---t---rs*, or with *Ch--t--rs* eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.
[26] Then learned Sir! (to cut the Matter ſhort)
What-e'er my Fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old Age, with faint, but chearful Ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my Day,
Or Death's black Wing already be diſplay'd
To wrap me in the Univerſal Shade;

Dives, inops, Romæ ſeu ſors ita juſſerit, exul,

[27] *Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.*

TREB. [28] *O puer, ut ſis*
Vitalis, metuo; & majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HOR. [29] *Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
[30] Detrahere & pellem, nitidus *quà quiſque per ora*
Cederet, introrſum turpis; *num Lælius, & qui*
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? Atqui
Primores *populi arripuit*, populumque *tributim*;

Scilicet

Whether the darken'd Room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd Wall provoke the Skew'r to write,
In Durance, Exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[27] Like *Lee* or *B----ll*, I will Rhyme and Print.

L. [28] Alas young Man! your Days can ne'r be long,
In Flow'r of Age you periſh for a Song!
Plums, and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your Life!

P. [29] What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the Pen,
Brand the bold Front of ſhameleſs, guilty Men,
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting to defend Her Cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd *Boileau* laſh in honeſt Strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis'* Reign?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a Rage?
And I not [30] ſtrip the Gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, un-penſion'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave?

Scilicet [31] UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUÆ EJUS AMICIS.

[32] *Quin ubi ſe a* Vulgo & Scena, *in* Secreta *remorant*
Virtus Scipiadæ, & *mitis* Sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, & diſcincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.

—— *Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis*
Infra Lucili cenſum, ingeniumque, tamen me
[34] *Cum* magnis vixiſſe *invita fatebitur uſque*
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet ſolido; ——————

Niſi

I will, or periſh in the gen'rous Cauſe.
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
[31] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant Din that World can keep
Rolls o'er my *Grotto*, and but ſooths my Sleep.
[32] There, my Retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs, out of War, and Stateſmen, out of Place.
There *St. John* mingles with my friendly Bowl,
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of Soul:
And He, whoſe Lightning pierc'd th' *Iberian* Lines,
Now, forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn Plain,
Almoſt as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.
[34] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of Pleaſure, and no Spy of State,
With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread Friendſhips, but to cover Heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.

——— [35] *Niſi quid tu,* docte Trebati,

Diſſentis.

TREB. [36] *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere poſſum.*

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti

Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum.

[37] " Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina jus eſt

Judiciumque."

HOR. *Eſto, ſiquis* [38] mala; *ſed* bona *ſiquis*

Judice condiderit laudatur CÆSARE: *ſiquis*

Opprobrijs dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe,

[39] *Solventur riſu tabulæ; tu miſſus abibis.*

FINIS.

This is my Plea, on this I reſt my Cauſe —

[35] What ſaith my Council learned in the Laws?

L. [36] Your Plea is good. But ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men — ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in ancient Times
A Man was hang'd for very honeſt Rhymes.
[37] Conſult the Statute: *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi Sext. or *prim. & quint. Eliz:*
See *Libels, Satires* — there you have it — read.

P. [38] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs Things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a *King* might read, a *Biſhop* write,
Such as Sir *Robert* would approve —

L. Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd — you may then proceed.
[39] In ſuch a Cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

FINIS.

"This is my Plea, on this I reft my Cauſe —

"What ſaith my Council learned in the Laws?

L. "Your Plea is good. But ſtill I ſay, beware!

Laws are explain'd by Men — Be have a care!

It ſtands on record, that in ancient Times

A Man was hang'd for very honeſt Rhymes.

"Conſult the Statute: quart. I think it is,

Entituled Sext. or prim. & quint. Elizæ:

See Libels, Satires — there you have it — read.

P. "I read and read, but find no ſuch Things indeed!

But grave Epiſtles, bringing Vice to light,

Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,

Such as Sir Robert would approve —

L. Indeed?

The Caſe is alter'd — you may then proceed.

In ſuch a Caſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,

My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

FINIS.